

# **More Lights Mean More Frights**

**orphan\_account**

## **More Lights Mean More Frights by orphan\_account**

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**Summary:**

Pennywise always assumed that they were the last of the deadlights. All that was left was them and their rival. However, right before they go into hibernation, they are greeted with a strange feeling. That feeling turns out to be coming from someone just like them. Pennywise would just have to see what they can do with them. Maybe, if they're lucky enough, they can twist these new lights into being something quite useful. [DISCONTINUED]

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

I realize that Pennywise is technically an "it" not a "they", but it's hard to tell the difference between them and other objects when I use it.

Another year of feasting came and went. Now Pennywise stood back and watched the floating corpses as they drifted around the massive junk pile. They, of course, were proud of themselves. But they could do better. Ah, well, it was time for them to rest now. They would just have to see how the next hunt would play out. Heading into the container they called a home, Pennywise brought the door up and plopped down in the far corner. Saying they didn't enjoy their clown form would be a lie, but they took great pleasure in finally dropping all disguises and becoming themselves. Nothing but lights. It was dangerous to be in the rawest form when they knew they would be hibernating. That damn turtle could show up at any given time, but hibernating in a different form might as well not be hibernating at all. It just made things so much more draining. That turtle could go fuck itself. They were going to get some more rest if it meant fighting a giant fucking turtle.

Getting to sleep was never any trouble before. They never slept during their consumption period; It's just a waste of precious time! Yet Pennywise couldn't find the need to sleep quite yet. Something was off. So instead they thought about... things. The look on a girls face as they ripped her eyes out. Pennywise almost wished that they had let that kid live just so she would be left with Pennywise's clown mug engraved on her brain for life. But Pennywise needed to eat, and she smelled really nice. Or that time they slammed a kid's head into a tree. He wouldn't shut up! They almost got caught that time. The thrill was nice. They enjoyed finding the children's fears and putting them to the test. Every kid was different, but they all had one quality that remained constant.

"They're all brats." Pennywise muttered. It was the truth. They whine. They beg. Why can't they just let Pennywise feast? When will these infants realize that their existences mean nothing when

compared to the life of an ageless alien? Then again, if they simply submitted to them then Pennywise wouldn't get to enjoy tormenting them. They suppose the brats were a blessing and a curse. Maybe they should stop thinking about it and just get to sleep. They could continue raving about humans once they were awake.

Pennywise woke up with a start. They knew immediately that it had not, in fact, been twenty-seven years. There was no way. They could feel that they were roused much too early. They were still entirely too exhausted to have slept that long. Their first thought was that the turtle really had stopped by, but maybe it was more of those horrible kids messing with their stuff. If enough of the children were removed from their pile the hunger would likely have woken Pennywise up. But they weren't hungry. They were very much content with their supply. Getting back into their clown skin, Pennywise stepped out of their home and peeked around. With their teeth sharpened they were ready to pounce on the idiot who wandered into the sewer. To their dismay and confusion, there were no warm bodies to be seen or felt. They would have to keep searching, then. They would find the disturbance and put an end to it even if it took twenty-seven years.

The pile was untouched. Even the loose things were in their places. Pennywise let out a growl of frustration and stormed down the various tunnels. This was bullshit! There was absolutely nothing here except for some rats!

“Reptile from the pits of ass-kissing, show yourself if you wish to face me! You are acting like a child!” Pennywise shouted, their fists clenching at their sides. A brat! And here they thought their rival was old and wise. They were clearly wrong.

Their patience was running thin. They just wanted to hibernate, but apparently they weren't allowed! They got no response from the turtle. If it was really them, they wouldn't have hesitated to reply. Pennywise considered that maybe the feeling wasn't coming from the sewer. Pennywise climbed up and peered out of one of the drains. It appeared to be quite late, and no one was out. They didn't see, smell, or feel anything of interest. Pennywise groaned and teleported across the sewer to check another opening. Once again they were greeted

with a whole lot of nothing. Repetition took hold as they continued to check the drains. There was nothing. Finally, they gave up and headed back to their home. Maybe if they tried hard enough, they would be allowed to ignore the feeling.

Sitting in front of the container was a giant rat. Well, giant is a bit much. Just. Big. Maybe the size of a small dog. Pennywise was immediately put on edge. That rat was just leaking energy. Perhaps they were wrong about the turtle.

“You vile creature! You have fooled me again! You expect me to treat you with respect when you are just as bad as me.” Pennywise snarled. They were taken back when the rat morphed into an exact image of themselves. The only difference being the color of the eyes. They were darker. If they remembered correctly, the turtle had brighter lights than them. “You fool!” They shouted, advancing on the unknown being. Until they were proved otherwise, they would continue to pretend it was their rival. They refused to be taken by surprise. “Why would you make yourself into one of my own common forms? I could easily become an ugly, wrinkly turtle and kill you! Then I could live on in your place without anyone else knowing the difference!” That was a stretch for sure. Pennywise had no intention to become a wise old being. They would much rather continue to raise havoc for the rest of time.

“I am not a turtle.” Finally, words! The voice was soft, yet deeply annoyed. The clown became a young man, but then turned into a bird. It perched itself on a branch sticking out of the pile. Pennywise watched with curiosity. “I have never been a turtle.”

“Then what are you?” Pennywise asked as they drifted closer the new guest. “You clearly aren't human.”

“I am deadlights.” The response was short -- just like all of the others.

“You are not! I am deadlights, and I am one of the last of my kind. It is only me and the turtle. You do not exist, my friend. Unless you can prove otherwise.”

“How can I trust that you won't take the opportunity to destroy me? I can tell that you are deadlights as well. I can feel it. Can't you feel

it?"

"All I feel is doubt at the moment. If I wanted to destroy you I would have done it now." They flashed their teeth threateningly. "A little birdie like you would fit perfectly between my jaws! But I'm curious, so I won't eat you yet." A low chuckle escaped Pennywise. "However, if I find out that you have been lying to me we will have a problem. You claim to be deadlights, and if you are any other creature than deadlights I will slaughter you."

"I am deadlights! Show yourself and I'll show myself. How am I to know that my feeling have not been mistaken? How am I to know that you are nothing more than a clown that lives in a sewer?"

"That's just the thing!" Pennywise chuckled once more, though this time it was much more joyous. "You don't know what I am! It's a mystery!"

"How incredibly stupid. If you must see me, then you may." And sure enough, the bird melted into bright orange lights. Or a giant spider for any human onlookers.

"So you have been telling the truth all along. Hm... and why have you shown yourself to me? Is there anything you plan to gain from being in my presence?"

"I wish to learn how to survive." It spoke as it retook the form of a bird. "I am new to this planet, and I feel completely lost."

"You expect me to help you in my playing field? How dumb are you?" Pennywise took a moment to actually think about what it wanted. "Well..." They sighed. Maybe if they fed it enough, they could eat it later and gain more power. Or maybe they could use it as a pawn if they got caught. So many opportunities to get something for themselves if they help it. "Maybe I can give you some tips. Just don't get in my way." They headed into their container and plopped back down.

"And what are you doing? Shouldn't we get started?" It shouted as it flew inside.

“No, no. I still need to hibernate. You can use some of my children for now, but I’m not going to hunt.”

“But I don’t want to eat children!” It spoke harshly.

“Well that’s too bad, because that’s what we eat.” Sure, it wasn’t completely true. Any kind of organism would do, but children were the most fun. It didn’t seem to be too happy with the idea. It turned back into the lights and floated into the corner furthest from Pennywise.

Silence filled the room before Pennywise spoke up again. “What can I call you?”

“I’m not sure. I haven’t heard enough names to give myself one.”

“Birdie it is, then!” They cackled. Birdie didn’t like their name, but that’s what happens when they don’t decide fast enough.

“And what do I call you, ‘Clown Man’?”

“No. I’m Pennywise the Dancing Clown! Or Robert. Whatever floats your boat!”

“Why Robert?”

“Don’t ask.”

“Pennywise it is, then.”

## 2. Chapter 2

The day the two celestial beings awoke was sunny and warm. The sewer was lit partially by the sunlight, though it stayed mostly dark. Pennywise rose and took form. They fluffed up their collars and got ready to head out when they remembered their guest. They didn't seem to be ready quite yet. Pennywise knew that dates and times for waking weren't specific, so they wouldn't wake up at the exact same time. Until their glowing Birdie decided to wake up, Pennywise got to be a lone wolf as they always were. They wouldn't complain.

The first few days of their hunt were always reserved for scouting out new prey. In twenty-seven years a lot of people left, and even more people came into existence. Oh, how they couldn't wait to see what the children tasted like. Would it be as savory as usual, or would it be more sweet this year? The thought was making them drool already. They wiped the spit from off of their face and peeked out into the world. It was really fucking bright. The sun was perfectly positioned in front of their face and they're reminded why human forms suck. They were so sweaty and gross when in sunlight. Nobody was near the drain, so Pennywise climbed out and took the form of a little fluffy dog. Any child would approach a dog, and it gave them the opportunity to sniff them.

Bouncing down the street, Pennywise took in the surroundings. They climbed out of a drain on the west side of town, right in the middle of a neighborhood. The street was empty, but Pennywise knew of a park down the road. Kids were sure to be there. They continued to trot when a car came speeding past and swerved to splash the puppy with a puddle. Saying they were pissed was an understatement. It wasn't an issue to clean themselves, but how cruel these humans can be to other creatures like them made their metaphorical stomach turn. Pennywise had good reasons to torment the people of this planet. They were above them in almost every sense. Humans should be willing to give their lives to feed a cosmic being as old as time itself. Wait. Hasn't Pennywise ranted about this already? Just goes to show how much they despise this planet. Never leaves their mind.

Once properly cleaned, the dog came upon the park situated at the



end of the cul-de-sac. Sure enough, children ran around the playground and yelled joyously. The kids were a bit older than Pennywise expected them to be. They appeared to be in their early to late teens, but weren't parks for toddlers? Oh, well, teens would do just fine. They hopped up over the curb on their stubby legs and yipped to get the park-goers attentions. It took a few tries, but eventually one of the boys noticed and got their friends. They all took turns reaching down and petting the dog. The younger kids in the group seemed a lot more enthused to see the dog and insisted that their older friends pet it more.

"It's a good dog!" One of the preteens shouted. It was clear he was a preteen because halfway through the sentence his voice broke twice. Pennywise rolled over and let the boy rub his belly. This was admittedly degrading, but it was working. A girl who was nearby seemed uneasy by the sight of the pooch.

"Guys, what if it has rabies or something? It doesn't have a tag or anything. Who knows where the fuck it came from?" She spoke as she looked in confusion at her friends faces. She didn't seem to comprehend how her friends would just approach any animal they saw. "Guys!" She shouted, desperate to get to them. She was ignored completely.

"Come on, Sam, pet the dog!" One of the other girls shouted.

"Absolutely not!" Sam responded, clearly offended by the suggestion. Pennywise was interested in this girl. If she was this standoffish towards an innocent pup, they couldn't wait to see her reaction when a clown appeared in her bedroom in the middle of the night. Or maybe they would reuse their werewolf skin again, since it seems to be animals that she doesn't like. They would see what they would do when it came down to it. They honestly preferred their clown skin. It was the one they spent most of their life in, and it really grew on them. They could always get their Birdie to be the werewolf if they really wanted.

"Awe, Sam's being a pussy again!" A guy from the back of their crowd called out. It seemed like innocent teasing, but Sam wasn't having it. Pennywise took a mental note on how easily she shut down under pressure.

"I am not!" Sam clenched her fists at her sides. At her breaking point already? Pennywise scoffed in the back of their mind. In a moment, Sam was gone. Pennywise made a quick decision to leave the touchy kids and follow the one who didn't want them around. They didn't make themselves known at first. They wanted to get some distance from her friends before they advanced. Sam took a sharp turn behind a house and jumped the fence. Shit. Pennywise had no way of getting around the fence like this and teleporting would freak the girl out. Looks like they would have to go back into a clown much sooner than planned.

Sam had sat down in the backyard of a home that seemed empty. Pennywise hid behind a nearby tree as they considered how to approach her. They weren't sure what impression they wanted to leave her with. Did they even want to keep her alive at all? They sorta wanted to keep her alive so they could demonstrate the horror methods with Birdie, but they wouldn't mind getting a kill in on the first day. They decided to just be normal and make decisions as they come at them.

"Bark bark." Pennywise teased as they stepped out from behind the tree. Sam jumped and pressed her back against the brick wall.

"What the hell?" She rose to her feet slowly. She seemed ready to run at any given time. "What do you want?"

"I noticed you didn't like dogs, so I thought that a clown might be to your fancy!" They gave a little chuckle. They really enjoyed the shocked look on her face. Expecting her to start crying or simply freeze in place, Pennywise was taken back when she lunged at them whilst screeching like a banshee. They teleported out of the way and grabbed her by the back of the neck. "I didn't want to be like this, but you forced my hand, Sam." They growled into her ear, but it melted into a little giggle. "That rhymed."

In a moment, Pennywise had thrown the girl to the ground and stomped on her back. There was a loud pop, but judging by her movements she was still fine. They rolled her over onto her back with their foot and flashed their teeth. As they leaned over her, droplets of drool splattered on her cheek. She seemed pretty disgusted by it. Sam glared at the clown looming over her and opened her mouth to

scream for help. Nothing came out except for a wheeze. Pennywise let out an amused cackle.

“Silly girl! You forgot how to breathe!” They grabbed her face and lifted her up off the ground. “Don't worry. You don't need to know how to breathe where you're going.” With that, Pennywise's mouth extended outwards and they exposed their wonderful deadlights to Sam. She, of course, immediately fell under their spell. In the end Pennywise didn't get to taunt her for months, but at least they could take her back to their hideout and taunt her some more before her inevitable demise. That was always fun.

There was a drain not too far from where they were, but Pennywise still chose teleportation. No matter how far they were going, dragging a body with them wasn't fun. Especially in the heat. Pennywise dropped the girl once they were back in the sewer and they watched as she floated up to join the others. How beautiful they all were floating in unison like that. If only their new friend could stand by and watch as well. Maybe then they would see what Pennywise saw. Speaking of which, where was their friend? There was no longer a bright glow coming from the container. Pennywise thought for a moment before wandering around to find them.

No. They were not going to do the whole teleporting-around-the-entire-sewer-system thing again. They figured that calling for them first would be a good option. “Birdie! Tweet tweet! Come out!” They shouted at the top of their lungs. No response. Pennywise decided to check the well next before searching anywhere else. They figured it would be a good place to check. A lot of energy was coming from the other side. They jumped in and climbed into the house. In the next room they were greeted with another clown. Not much was different from Pennywise's disguise.

“Birdie, what do you think you're doing?” Pennywise put their hands on their hips to demonstrate their distaste.

“Oh. You were a clown, so I figured that I should be one. I thought that maybe that could be our thing. Like. Two clowns going out killing people and stuff. But I didn't want to look exactly like you, so I...” Birdie's rambling was cut off when Pennywise raised their index finger to shush them.

“One of us has to change.”

**Notes for the Chapter:**

i was going to make this one longer but i thought i should make it like the last one and end it with a little line of dialogue. dont worry, i wont do this for every chapter.

### 3. Chapter 3

“I just really don't know who I am yet, Pennywise.” The clown spoke in annoyance. “Why can't I be a clown until then?”

“Oh, Birdie, Birdie! I've already told you that I am the only clown in this show. I don't see 'Birdie the dancing clown' scrawled across that there wood.” They pointed to their container to further prove their point. “If anything you're a fool!” Pennywise howled with laughter. Either Birdie didn't get their joke, or they just didn't find it funny.

“If I can't be a clown, what can I be? You've been here much longer than I have.”

“Well, you could be a ballerina to appeal to the girls.” Pennywise offered, though not even they looked like they liked that idea.

“What, do boys not like ballerinas?”

“Maybe. Maybe not. I think they're scared to admit it if they do. Can't blame them. These humans tend to be savages,” They explained. “They don't like their boys to be feminine. Humans are weird, weird creatures. But they're delicious!” Speaking of delicious, Pennywise brought Sam down from the hoard of people and let her float in front of Birdie.

“Who is she?” A gloved hand reached out to touch her face. It was soft, squishy.

“Who doesn't matter! Try asking what it is. Here, I'll give you the answer before you even ask – Delicious!” They cackled, but once again their buddy didn't quite get it.

“No. I want to know who.” The clown shot a glare at Pennywise, who returned one.

“How boring can you get? It doesn't matter what her name is! It doesn't matter what she was like! All that matters,” Pennywise leaned in close to the other clowns face, their breathing becoming more ragged. “Is how scared she is.”

"I don't think so." Birdie murmured.

"You aren't like me. I'll change that."

"I don't think so." Birdie repeated, though this time it was harsh.

"I know so!" Pennywise grabbed Sam by the back of her shirt and pulled her closer to them. "Until you learn how to act you can starve!" They took a bite out of Sam's face and grinned. She wasn't as scared as Pennywise would have liked her to be, but she was bearable. Birdie visibly flinched, but the look on their face did nothing to hide their slight attraction.

Coming closer, Pennywise shoved Sam towards Birdie. "Go on, I know you want some." They began to pace in circles around Birdie, occasionally poking them in the back or cheek. Birdie growled and reached out to touch Sam. She seemed to still be completely catatonic. In a split second Birdie leapt forward and bit into Sam's neck. They pulled away, watching the blood pour out of the gaping wound they left.

"Ooh, the neck. That part's not that fatty. Try the arm." Pennywise pointed to her upper arm, giving it a little pinch. It was hard resisting the urge to bite into the arm themselves, but they got Sam for Birdie. Pennywise had plenty of other kids in their sights. Speaking of which...

"Tell you what, Birdie, I'll leave you two alone. I have more hunting to do! Don't have too much fun without me!" They waved at the other and left the sewer via teleportation. The best mode of transportation.

They wandered the street completely hidden from view. Tracking the scent of the kids from earlier was easy because of the dog form they had taken. The closest one was in a home down the street. It smelled of sweat and Old Spice at the moment, but soon it would smell of fear. Sweet, sweet fear. Pennywise couldn't wait to get their hands on a child that was really filled with terror. How they couldn't wait to wrap their gloved hands around their throats and see the life drain out of their eyes! They couldn't wait to be at the funeral, watching the parents as they cried about their "wonderful angel". The ironic

thing of it all is that most times their kids aren't wonderful angels until they're dead. How many parents they heard talking about wanting to leave their child and never come back, only to turn around and say how much they loved them postmortem, was countless.

Climbing up to the second story window, Pennywise peeked into the kid's bedroom. Surprisingly enough it wasn't too messy. There was a desk that, surprise surprise, wasn't covered in dirty dishes. And get this – you could see the floor! The blonde sat on the bed situated in the corner of the room surrounded by binders and textbooks. Pennywise sent in a balloon, but it was right out of his sight.

“Maximilian get down here for dinner!” Called a voice from the floor below. Who the fuck names their kid that? Poor Max. At this point Pennywise is putting that kid out of his misery. Either way, as Max got up he saw the balloon floating towards him. He seemed completely, beautifully, horrified.

“Mom,” Max called back. “Did you throw a balloon in here?” No response. Classic mom. Max glanced at the windows in his room, all of which remained closed. Pennywise tapped against the window, making himself visible only to Max. He looked at Pennywise and his eyes widened considerably. He looked like he was going to cry. Oh, his scent was changing already. Right as Max was about to bolt Pennywise made the balloon in his hands explode. At first, it looked like confetti, but as it drifted to the ground it quickly became maggots. Max screamed and ran out of his room.

“Look! Look!” Max yelled as he came back upstairs with his dad. He pointed at the pile of bugs, his hands shaking. His dad obviously couldn't see it. Pennywise had made himself invisible again, so when Max turned to the window he couldn't see anything. Max's dad got on his knees to ask his son if he was alright. Man, this was turning into a family drama. Time for Pennywise to bounce.

Pennywise figured that they should go back to check on Birdie. They took the long way around to give them more time to think about disguises for their new partner. Something that kids like, but could easily be made scary... That's it! Birdie had to hear this! Pennywise teleported into the sewer and grabbed Birdie by the shoulders.

"I know what you can be. A fairy!" They grinned.

"No." Birdie's face contorted in disgust.

"Oh, come on! I thought hard about that!" Pennywise pouted. "Your name could be Tink!"

"I'm pretty sure that's from a movie or something."

"How do you not know about what kids like if you know about kids movies?"

"I've never seen a movie. I just know that Tink was too specific for it not to come something else." Birdie shrugged. "I have some common sense."

"Fine! How about a fish person? Kids like mermaids."

"Maybe. I'll see what I can do." Birdie morphed into what they thought a sea-person would look like. Their body was decorated with scales of yellow and orange. Fins protruded from their ears, neck, legs, arms, and spine. Their hair was perfect for an androgynous appearance. The previous description sounds pretty, but on top of that beauty was long claws, webbed fingers, slimy hair, and sharp teeth. Their completely white eyes were quite unsettling as well. Being an actual mermaid wouldn't go well with stalking kids, so the legs got a pass.

"Impressive. I didn't know you would be this good at making disguises."

"Well, I learned what not to do from you." They flashed a toothy grin. Pennywise pretended they didn't hear that.

"You need a new name. How about Nessie?" They asked, partially joking.

"Yeah, I actually like that." They grinned. Pennywise resisted the urge to burst out in laughter. They didn't think that would work.

Pennywise looked around the cavern for Sam's body. They were greeted with something completely unrecognizable. They grinned and



let the body float back up with the others. They would take it out for the parents to find later. Maybe. Pennywise was almost proud of Nessie, but then it started to sink in that Nessie would end up being competition. Oh, well. They would burn that bridge when they got to it.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

i literally didnt know what to make the character  
soooo fish it is

### **Author's Note:**

i know this is probably boring and trash im sorry...

uhh leave me a comment if you liked it though.. it  
helps.